




A Hebrew Dirge. Chanted in the Great Synagogue at St. Jame's Place,
Aldgate, on the day of the funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte

By Hyman Hurwitz, master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate.

With a translation in English verse by S.T. Coleridge. 1817.

FIRST EDITION





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries

קינת ישרון .

A Hebrew Dirge.

Half title (usually missing) to MS.

Rare

PJ

5051

H8

K5

1817

· קִינַת יִשְׂרָאֵל ·

A Hebrew Dirge,
Chaunted in the Great Synagogue,

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, ALDGATE,

ON THE

Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

By HYMAN HURWITZ,
MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,

HIGHGATE :

WITH A TRANSLATION IN

ENGLISH VERSE, BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

London :

Printed by H. Barnett, 2, St. James's Place, Aldgate;

AND SOLD BY T. BOOSEY, 4, OLD BROAD STREET;
LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO. FINSBURY SQUARE;
BRIGGS AND BURTON, 156, LEADENHALL STREET; AND
H. BARNETT, HEBREW BOOKSELLER, 2, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, ALDGATE.

1817.

קִינַת יִשְׁרוֹן

אֵלֵי יִשְׁרוֹן וּבְנֵיהָ!
כִּמּוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּחִבְלֶיהָ;
וּבְכַתּוּלָּהּ, חֲגוּר־תִּשְׁק
עָלַי בַּעַל נַעֲוִירָה.

אלי וב'ו

עָלַי גְּבִירָה, אֲשֶׁר נִפְטָרָה
בַּעֲוֹדָה בְּנַעֲוִירָה—
וַעַל בֶּן רַךְ, אֲשֶׁר נִלְקַח,
וְהִרְפָּה מִכְּאֲבֶיהָ.

אלי וב'ו

ISRAEL'S LAMENT.

MOURN, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!

Give utterance to the inward throe!

As wails, of her first Love forlorn,

The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away

From Light and Life's ascending Sun!

Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,

Earn'd by long pangs and lost 'ere won.

עָלַי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטְפָה
 בְּטָרֶם צֶאֱת פְּרָחֶיהָ!
 וְעַל הַצֵּץ, אֲשֶׁר קָצֵץ,
 וְנִשְׁתׁ מוֹת בְּקִרְבֶּיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלַי עֲלָטָה, אֲשֶׁר עָמָה
 פָּנַי תֵּבֵל וַיִּשְׁבִּיהָ;
 בְּמוֹת פְּרִינָצֶעַס שְׂאֵרֶלְטָה,
 בְּטָרֶם מְלֹאת יָמֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלַי שָׂרָה מְאֻשָּׁרָה,
 אֲשֶׁר עֲזָבָה עִפְרָיִם;
 לְהַתְּעֵדוֹן, בְּגִדֵּי-עֵדוֹן;
 וּלְאֲכֹל פְּרֵי דְרָכֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

Mourn the bright Rose, that bloom'd and
 went,

'Ere half disclos'd its vernal hue!

Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent,
 It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal Woe

With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue:

For England's Lady is laid low,

So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The Blossoms on her Tree of Life

Shone with the dews of recent Bliss:

Transplanted in that deadly strife,

She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

עָלִי הַשָּׂדֶה, אֲשֶׁר שָׂדֶד
 פָּאָר לַעֲפֹאֹלֶד אֲדֹנֶיהָ!
 אֲשֶׁר בְּמֶר נִפְשׁוֹ, יִמָּאֵן
 לְהִתְנַחֵם עָלֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלִי שָׂבֵר, אֲשֶׁר שֶׁבֶר
 לִבִּי נִסְיָכָךְ! וְהוֹרִיָּה!
 בְּחֻטְפוֹ הַחֲבִצְלֶת, —
 וְשֵׁם חוֹת תַּחְתֵּיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

חֲבִי רָגַע! — וְשׁוֹר נָגַע! —
 אֲשֶׁר פָּשָׂה בְּבֵית אָבִיהָ!
 לְשִׁמָּה שָׁם אֶת גִּפְנוֹ, —
 וְהִשְׁתִּית שְׂרִינֶיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's Agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at Morn
To seek and bless the firstling Bud
Of his own Rose, and found the Thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string!
Again bewail that princely Sire!
A destin'd Queen, a future King
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

עָלֵי צָרוֹת, וְרוֹב מַחֲלַת
 בְּרִטְאֲנִיָּא וּבְנוֹתֶיהָ ;
 אֲשֶׁר אֲבָדָה מִחֲמֶדָּה,
 כְּלִיל יִפְיָהּ, — וְשָׂרֶיהָ. —

אלי וכ"

בְּכָל שָׁנָה, נִשָּׂא קִינָה,
 וּבִלְבֹב דָּוִי, נִצְעֵק הוּא,
 עָלֵי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטְפָה
 בְּטָרֶם צֵאת פְּרָחֶיהָ. —

וְאֶהְיָמָה, יָמִים יְמִימָה,
 בְּרוּחַ צָר, וּמִסְפַּד מָר,
 עַל הַצִּיץ, אֲשֶׁר קָצִין,
 וְשֵׁת מוֹת בְּקֶרְפִּיהָ.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,
 Her Daughters wail their dear Defence;
 Their fair Example, prostrate lay'd,
 Chaste LOVE and fervid INNOCENCE.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
 We will take up a Mourning yearly:
 To wail the Blow that crush'd the Rose
 So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.

Long as the Fount of Song o'erflows,
 Will I the yearly dirge renew:
 Mourn for the firstling of the Rose,
 That snapt the stem on which it grew.

בְּמוֹת רְשָׁעִים, יֵאָבֵד שְׁמָם:
 וְאַתָּה צְבִיחָה! תְּהִי חֲרוּתָה
 בְּלֵב יִשְׂרָאֵל: וּבְשָׁעָרִים
 יִהְלְלוּ תָם מַעֲשֵׂיָהּ.

רֵאֵה אֵלַי! יְגוֹן עַמִּי,
 וּרְפֹא נָא תַחֲלִיאָהּ:
 עֲוֹנָהּ סִלַּח, מִנַּחֵם שְׁלַח,
 אֵלַי יִשְׁרוּן וּבְנִיהַ.

חֲרֹנֶךָ אֵל! מְאֹד הֶאֱבִיל
 בְּרִיטָאֲנִיָּא וְיִשְׂרָיָה.
 תַּחֲנֹנָה שָׁמַע, וְתֵן יֵשַׁע,
 לְמַלְכָּהּ, וּלְיִשְׁבִּידָהּ.

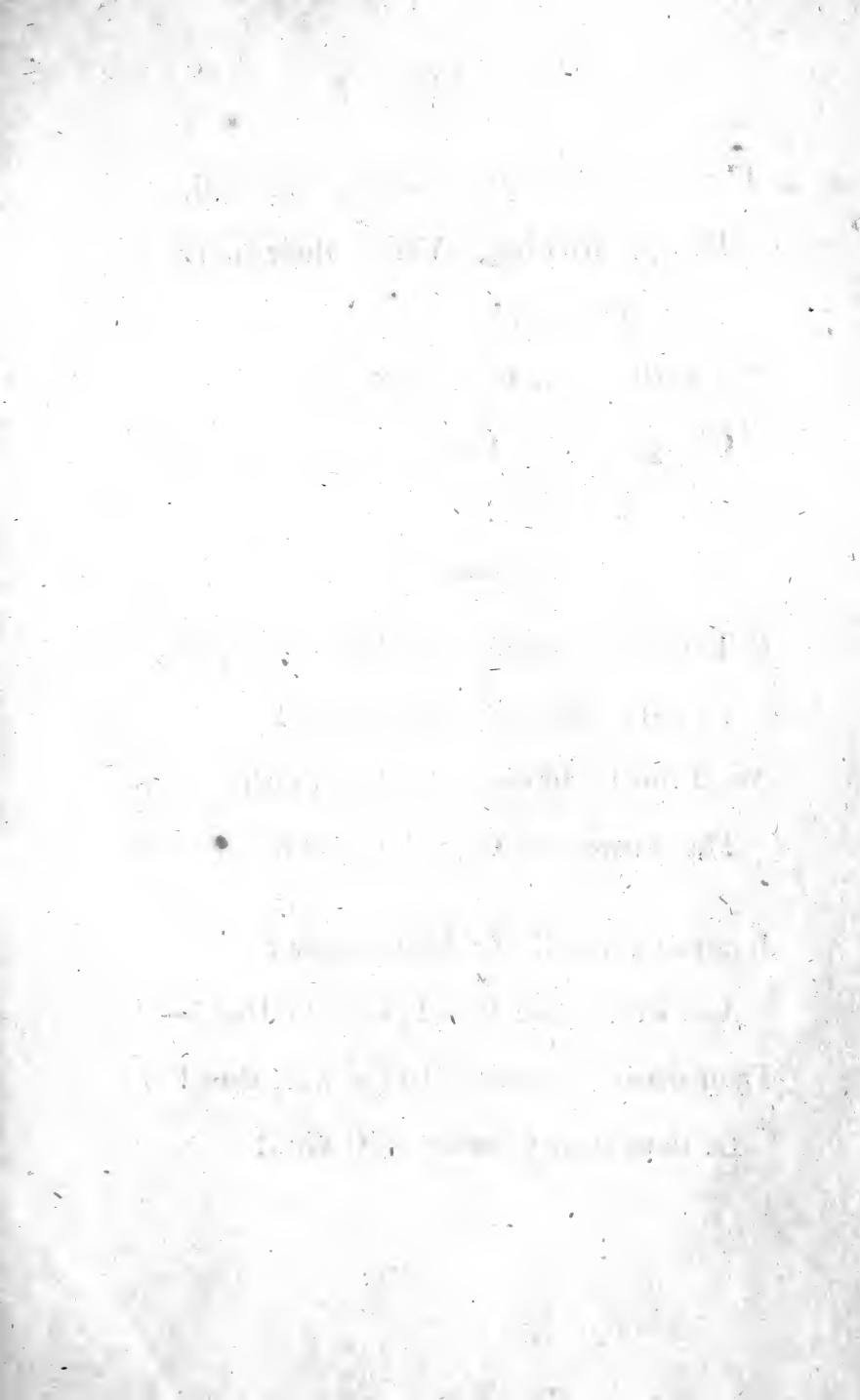
The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
 Damp, trickling Vault their only
 mourner!

Not so the regal Rose, that still
 Clung to the Breast which first had
 worn her!



O THOU, who mark'st the Mourner's path,
 To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!
 Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath
 The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!
 And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—
 Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!
 Be thou their Comforter, O God!





Rare. The only copy at auction since 1930
lacked the half-title.

23
Brandeis University

Waltham, Massachusetts



The
Henry
and
Hannah
Hofheimer
Collection

